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The Emergency Room



120 2 6

Chapter 1 by Soccer_5

As a ER doctor I have had my share of weird injuries and strange patients. But this one this one was by far the weirdest.

Chapter 2 by Amy Broehler



His wife drove him up to the hospital looking tired and annoyed. She told us that his husband looked "abnormal". We told her husband to open up the car door but he wouldn't budge. After five hard minutes of convincing him to come out of the car, his wife opened up the door and my eyes opened so wide I felt numb. My first year intern squealed a little and everyone looked at her. I told her to prepare a OR for this patient. She immediaty left. We took him to examining room 5 and we did our daily rounds. We asked his when this started. He replied very quietly because his lips were so.... cracked. I repeated that he said a few years ago when he went camping in Hawaii and got some sort of wart that he froze off when he got home but then got more and ignored them. This man didn;t look human as far as i'm concerned. He was plump, green, and looked like an old tree. It was as if I were to touch him with my bare hands I would get a big splinter on my finger.

Chapter 3 by Antite



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The life support machines beeped like an EDM dancefloor. My unbelievably attractive as side and checked his vital signs.

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"He's fading fast," she said in a heavy Swedish accent. "I think we'll need to operate, doctor.

"I don't know if I can do anything for this man," I confessed, crossing my arms. "I've operated on countless patients and saved their lives. But this is hardly a man that lies before me. This is some kind of tree-man, unknown to modern medicine. How do you save a man who's become a slab of solid wood?"

"Oh doctor, what will we do?" Nurse Strom said. She glided across the white tiled floor, near to my side. She got so close I could strain one eye and get a generous view of her exposed cleavage while staring straight ahead. Slab of solid wood indeed.

My stoic gaze met Nurse Strom's sapphire blue eyes; but it was an absolute act of will to keep my eyes locked with hers.

"I don't consider myself a mad scientist, Nurse," I said. "But there's a man on that table who needs my help and as God as my witness, or in this case an Elder God, maybe...I will not idly stand by and watch him die."

Nurse Strom's eyelashes fluttered rapidly. "You mean?" she declared.

"That's right," I said, taking up her very thought. "Prepare the operating room. I'm going to scrub up."

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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